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GROUSE-SHOOTING.

GROUSE AND GROUSE SHOOTING.

Man, naturally an animal of prey, even in the highest state of civilisation, after indulging feelings the most tender and humane, will often rush from the peaceful enjoyments of home to the active, toilsome, and not unfrequently dangerous pleasures of the chase. The savage, long unaccustomed to clothing and shelter, has often been known to fly from the protecting roof to return to his native woods and original nakedness. On the common and the moor, the dweller of the city seems to gain new life, and exults in being restored to what seems to be a state of nature.

Thus every year, as the 12th of August comes round, takes crowds of eager sportsmen to "the land of cakes," to enjoy the luxury of grouse shooting. Year after year, the southerners have seemed to seek it with a keener relish, and the effect of this is now beginning to be seriously deplored. From the "Modern Shooter," no mean authority, we learn that other causes are at work to produce the lamentable result apprehended by the lovers of the amusement—the total extinction of the birds, which seem constantly growing more and more scarce. This seems likely to be brought about by a variety of unfavourable circumstances. It is not only the multitude of "dead shots" from London and elsewhere, qualified sportsmen, that the poor grouse have to dread. We are told:

"It is universally admitted that grouse are becoming more scarce every year in the northern counties of England, where, formerly, they were wont to abound. This may be attributed to various causes, among which the following are some of the principal:—the increased facility of reaching the moors, and of forwarding game thence, afforded by steamers and railroad conveyance; the improvements in guns and shooting; the increased daring maraudings of those wholesale annihilators—the poachers in the mining districts, who, at early dawn, kill numbers of the birds by calling, and then, during the day, proceeding in large bodies, march in line, a gun-shot apart from each other, scouring the whole country, and destroying all before them, some days previous to, and often after, the twelfth; the multiplication of stone walls, as fences, which, in various ways, aid the poacher, especially in calling during that most killing of all times—a misty morning in October—for every moor-side fellow calls, now-a-days, and prides himself upon his vocal, or, rather, his guttural powers—his "crawing" as "crusely" as the "cootie muircocks;" the increased numbers, skill, and daring of poachers in general—together with their new modes of taking grouse especially that of the * * *; the increased number of sheep kept on the moors, which

disturb the old birds, and tread on their eggs; and the consequent increased number of shepherd's dogs, also, many of which chop the *cheepers* with surprising, and, it is sometimes to be feared, owner-profiting dexterity; nay, even the barebreasted old hen herself—ah! wilful murder!—is now and then colley-chopped on her very nest; the increased number of licensed shooters, and of unlicensed dog-breakers; the "carting" and the "driving," the raking the birds in the stubbles, during severe weather, and as they sit in rows on the walls drying their beautiful feathers; the increased annual burning of the heather, or, as it is called in Scotland, moor-burn—which, while it certainly promotes the growth of the young and tender heather-tops, eaten with such avidity both by the sheep and birds, alarms the latter, prevents laying, destroys eggs, and even the birds themselves, when sitting hard; and a grouse rarely, if ever, lays more than ten eggs, more frequently seven, and unfrequently five. Add to these, the facts that, in February and the early parts of March, many braces of grouse are shot to order by poachers, as they are then in best feather for stuffing; and that no game is more poached out of season, particularly during the first three months of the year, than grouse."

Here is, in truth, a fearful array, which in a few short years threatens the species with utter annihilation.

The male bird sometimes weighs fourteen pounds, but the female is considerably smaller. Gesner calls the latter the *grygallus minor*, and the former the *grygallus major*. They are found in no part of Great Britain save the Highlands of Scotland. The species is there known by the name of Capencæline. In the old law books, it is called Caper Kally, or "the bonse of the woods."

The black game and red grouse are varieties of the same species. The latter is peculiar to Scotland. France, Germany, and Scandinavia, possess the others.

THE SMUGGLER OF FOLKSTONE.

A TALE OF TRUTH AND FICTION.

BY EDWARD PORTWINE.

CHAPTER XXII.

It was Monday night. The shades of evening had cast her mantle over creation. The bright sunset was succeeded by a delicious twilight. The fresh, cooling sea-breeze fanned the lately glowing earth, and all nature appeared as if wearied by the heat of an oppressive summer's day. This

evening, Waldron determined to embrace the opportunity of conciliating the good opinion of Cumlin, by joining, for weal or woe, the band of which he believed this mysterious man was the captain. Midnight was the appointed time, and as there waited full three hours of that, Waldron repaired to the Rose in order to meet Hamish, Sarson, and other young men of the town. He entered the coffee-room, which was nearly full of company, among whom were those he sought.

He seated himself, called for grog, lighted his cigar, and entered into conversation with his friends. Suddenly the animated discussion of two young men interrupted the friendly discourse on the late accident.

"I tell you most respectfully," cried a smart young man from Hythe, who happened to be waiting for a coach to take him home, "that Folkstone will not have the honour of a selection. The garrison of Hythe were the challengers. The gauntlet was thrown down at mess, where squire Dean, Barnard, and Oxleden were dining. Captain Phipps offered to play all East Kent at cricket with the officers and two men given, to be picked from the vicinity."

"Well," replied his antagonist, a Folkstone youth, "what does vicinity mean if it will not reach five miles."

"In this case," answered the other dryly, "you will find that vicinity means the town and port of Hythe; besides," he added, laughing slightly, "whom can you name for this honour—you have not one good player—and that, too, my Lord Greenock well knows. If you have—name him."

"We have twenty as good as the boasted club at Hythe, only—"

"Only they are out of practice. They must grow larger before they are suffered to engage in men's play. They are too small—something like your parish church, around which the churchwardens placed a quantity of manure, to make it grow bigger, to hold the talented inhabitants."

The Folkstone man waxed wroth at this latter imputation. "I beg, sir, you will not interrupt me; I allow you fair play in this argument, and it is not fair to cite the doings of our churchwardens in order to cover your want of justice or reason. I say again, that we have twenty as good players as you have, only they are not known to the garrison; which, by the bye, have no chance against East Kent without the two players are chosen judiciously."

"Well, sir, I make you a 'munificent present' of all your Folkstone gentlemen, and I think they will not require a large space to be confined in at play—no larger than Handy built to keep his anticipated elephant in."

Here the company roared with laughter. The allusion was a palpable hit on the want

of sense so proverbial in the good people of this port. This veritable Handy had accidentally placed a gentleman in London under an obligation, which he acknowledged in an elegant letter, promising him, at no distant period a 'munificent present,' in the form of a boat or skiff, which the erudite gentleman translated into an elephant, and forthwith commenced erecting a building to contain such a wonderful present in. However, when the elevation was completed, the elephant was not forthcoming, and in despair Handy repaired to Sir Michael Webb with the letter, fully determined to abide by the knight's advice, whether to bring an action for the elephant or the expense of the building. When the worthy magistrate, nearly convulsed with laughter, explained the meaning of the cabalistic word, poor Handy looked blank, and fairly bolted from the knight's presence. Sir Michael could not refrain from mentioning this anecdote at a corporation dinner, and thus the story became public; and, very unjustly, the whole townspeople suffered ridicule from this ludicrous circumstance.

After the laughter had subsided, the Folkstone youth returned to the subject.

"I am ashamed of my fellow townsmen that they should laugh at this anecdote of poor Handy." Here the young and old roared louder.

"I say," shouted the speaker, "it is a shame"—order was a little restored—"that we are overlooked in this great match, and yet the game is to be played on our plain."

"Sandgate Plain, sir, if you please," interrupted the pertinacious Cinque-Port man.

"Well, Sandgate Plain. Perhaps, Mr. Wiseacre, you can tell us who are to play against the officers, for I know it is decided?"

The youth thus appealed to rose gracefully, and addressed the company. He commenced by stating "that he hoped for forgiveness from the men of Folkstone for the anecdotes he had heedlessly given utterance to. (Hear). He would inform them that the thing was settled, and his club had the honour to send one man, and that man had the discrimination to select the other, and when he named the two he was certain that all ill feeling would subside, and that the men of that town would vie with each other in wishing the officers a fair stage, but no favour. (Cries of bravo). On Saturday evening last Lord Greenock, the Earl of Cathcart, Captain Phipps, Captain Cumberland, Sir James Colleton, Sir Richard Jackson, and a host of the staff corps, had visited the green, where the club met to practise; and after witnessing the play entered the pavilion, and requested the attendance of Mr. Royn-

der, Mr. Gilbert, Mr. Horton, and Mr. Small. These gentlemen attended, when my Lord Greenock requested to be informed by Mr. Poynder whom he conceived the best player in the club, when Edmund, without hesitation, mentioned Henry Horton. But Horton disclaimed this, and the members present agreed with him. Captain Phipps, who is a brilliant player, suggested that the club should retire to the club-room and elect a man, and whoever that player should be they would accept, and he should possess the power to nominate the other man. (Hear). This proposition was agreed to by the officers, and we returned to the Duke's Head club-room and unanimously elected—" Here the speaker paused.

"Yourself, I suppose," interrupted his old antagonist.

"You are mistaken. We elected Mr. Edmund Poynder." Loud cries of "Bravo," "and Mr. Poynder elected—"

"Mr. James Carrick," cried a musical voice, as he entered the coffee-room. Loud vociferations followed this announcement, for the person who pronounced the name of Carrick was no other than our old friend Edmund Poynder, "in propria persona." The speaker, who was Mr. Gilbert, then sat down, and the persons present greeted Edmund with great cordiality, paying him the usual compliments under such circumstances, which Poynder received with a well-bred smile. The conversation then turned on the doctrine of chances, and much betting took place, chiefly on the men of East Kent against the garrison. Edmund would not be drawn into betting, although he expressed his opinion at a later hour that the officers would win; that Carrick was as a general player the best in the county, and those who had witnessed his science were perfectly conscious of this fact. These remarks had the effect of inducing even betting, and the company agreed to meet on Sandgate Plain on Friday, at ten o'clock, to witness the trial of skill between the best players in the famous county of Kent and the garrison of Hythe.

CHAPTER XVIII.

As the church-bell of the good town of Folkestone sent forth its iron-tongued tones on the peaceful repose of the citizens of this port, on Monday, in the month of —, in the year —, James Waldron silently pursued his way down the steep streets leading from the Rose tavern to the pier. Not a lamp shed a radiance on his perigrinations. Not a solitary watchman crossed his path. Midnight, with the beautiful still star-lighted canopy of heaven, gleamed on his person. He paused, hesitated, and at length murmured: "Well, let it be

for disgrace or death, I care not. What I am about to perform I do for Margaret; and I would freely meet death to possess one I so dearly love."

When the young man approached the Chequers, he heard a confused murmur of many voices; and when he opened the door, he found himself in the presence of thirty men, who appeared crest-fallen and dejected. He nodded to several he recognised, who with astonishment observed him calmly proceed to a seat, and call for brandy and water. His arrival appeared to cast restraint on the company, who recommenced their conversation in low tones and in detached groups. The whispers were unheeded by Waldron; he sipped his cognac, and then made a signal to the gentle Jane, who was assisting her parent in her office as landlady. Miss Gettings tripped lightly through the throng, and approached the handsome beau, who whispered something in her ear; the fair girl started, and appeared puzzled; but at length left, and imparted the substance to her mother. At that moment a bell rang; the company assembled at the tavern paused in their conversation, and awaited the result of the summons. The brother of Jane, before mentioned, appeared in the front drinking-room, and said: "Attention, contrabandists; appear before your captain; follow me."

The men fell in pairs together with an humbled look, and disappeared down the narrow passage where poor Bott had met with his imprisonment.

James was thus left alone.

Jane came into the parlour, seated herself opposite the young man, and having gazed on him for some time, said: "At length then, James, you no longer refuse to join us."

"No," answered the youth.

"Very laconic indeed; and you join the band to promote good to our fellow-creatures, and for no ends else."

James stared. "Good to our fellow-creatures? What can you mean? I join the band to break the law, to beard the government, and to win Margaret."

"But the latter incentive is the key to your appearance here."

"Alas, Jane," replied Waldron, sorrowfully, "you guess my feelings correctly. I should not have thought of becoming a smuggler, had I not the fear of losing all I hold dear in this world."

"If, Waldron, you join this band solely on this account, it exhibits powerful affection towards the beautiful pearl of Folkestone; but yet, pause in your career. Would you become a smuggler, without the certainty of being the husband of my excellent friend Margaret?"

James rose, and gazed anxiously on the

open brow of the fair girl before him, her eyes beaming with truth and innocence. After a lengthened inspiration, he said: "You are the second person who has cast a suspicion on the fidelity and truth of Margaret. What can it mean? I tell you I am pledged to Cumlin to join this band; and, come weal or appear woe, I will fearlessly do it. And having once departed from the strict line of a loyal subject, no person, no, not even your brave brother, shall exceed me in fierce zeal and courage against those very laws I have to this hour strenuously supported."

"And yet, James, these men, with their leader, and my brave, my excellent brother, are not so black as they are painted by their enemies. They plunder no one; they assist the helpless on shore or on the deep. They peril their lives on this coast, reckless of danger, fearless of death, in the cause of humanity. Hundreds of lives, during the last few winters, have been saved; and after being preserved and cherished, they have been conveyed to their homes, in this or other countries, by the aid of the captain. But many have preferred this band to any other mode of life, and have been grateful and true-hearted, as all men will be under just treatment."

"Why, Miss Gettings, you are, I fear, almost a member of this band—a female smuggler."

"Aye, Waldron, heart and soul. Do you conceive that the system established by the captain could ever be carried into effect without female agency? Do you conceive that the accuracy with which the movements of the band are concerted could be so wonderful as they appear, without the interference of woman? Can the silks and finery brought from the looms of India and every country of Europe be disposed of without our aid? But enough of this. I repeat, that it is no crime to belong to this band. They afford succour in distress; they relieve the indigent, whether friend or enemy; and who ever heard of one of the far-famed smugglers of Folkstone being a recipient of the parochial funds? They are temperate in their habits, faithful to their loves, courageous as lions amidst contentions with men on the terrific elements to which they constantly expose themselves. But above all, they are faithful men, not slaves, to a powerful intellect, blended with high-souled generosity. They love, venerate, yet fear their captain."

"You amaze me, Jane; and do you really believe that Cumlin possesses the power over such a band of lawless men?"

"Yes, he has. Call them lawless, if you please; it is a mere matter of taste," returned Jane, smilingly, "and you have been a witness to some part of his power over his band. Thirty of his followers

were in disgrace this evening, not daring to appear before him until called to his presence. The cause—refusing to rescue Captain Sarson and Miss Jeffery from the imminent peril they were placed in last evening."

"Ah, good! I have heard that Cumlin rushed to the rescue, when these men dared not or would not attempt a piece of humanity."

"Your information is correct, and as a punishment they will not go out with the next expedition—this us female smugglers have heard from our secret gallery, where a most ferocious band of the petticoats assemble on nights like this."

"A gallery for female smugglers! what can you mean?"

"You have virtually joined us, and it is not imprudent to state, that we, the female law-breakers, have an apartment adjoining the 'Chamber of all Nations,' and we are privileged to hear all the debates during business hours; but after business is finished, we retire and leave the band to its orgies."

"You astonish me; I never had any conception of all this."

"Aye; there are many other matters which will astonish you more when you are initiated. You will then know how it is that certain ladies of this good port appear better dressed than squire Barnard's wife, or sir Henry Oxleden's spouse, or squire Dean's thirteen daughters! Ah! ah! you will know then that it would be useless for this band to bring lace, furs, silk, shawls, and other articles in which our women delight, from the confines of India and northern Europe, if the smugglers could not dispose of them; and man, although a refined monster, is not exactly calculated for the meridian of a lady's boudoir redolent of perfume and roses."

Waldron had recovered all his wonted good humour, and listened with deep interest to the prattle of the lovely girl as she described the secret mechanism of the society. He began to think that this band was not as dark as Erebus. He asked with his usual *bonhomie*, "And do the female members negotiate with the aristocracy for these things?"

"Yes, a hundred times have I and others been closeted with the ladies of princely mansions, of baronial halls, of frowning castles—with ladies of military officers of the first rank, many of those who are wives of the very men employed by government to suppress smuggling. Yes, on the eve of a grand county ball, when beauty determined to outvie beauty—to rival or betray—to crush or encourage; have I been in great request for the produce of other countries: those beautiful articles which attract much more than our charms,

lovely as you creatures declare we are. These must be produced; and from where? careless, reckless, of the crime of breaking the law—indifferent of the loss of life or liberty, the rich, the powerful, the lovely patricians must appear attractive, and the more unique, the more costly, the most rare things are always preferred. London is a long way from here; no single shop, or a dozen, can produce the splendid assortment we possess in the recesses of yonder mountain, and we are resorted to, petted, spoiled, for the time; but if, unfortunately, we give offence by supplying a rival of my lady this, or my countess that, with a more beautiful article than they possess, then there is no mean project they will not resort to in order to be revenged."

"Surely, Jane, you are colouring the picture too highly."

"Think you so," cried the ardent girl, "let facts speak for themselves. It was only on the evening of the last county ball that I was sent for by three ladies, who, for the present, shall be nameless. They were all daughters of opulence; all desired to appear splendid at the assembly, at the Guildhall of Hythe—my choicest articles were displayed before their astonished senses. Indeed, excuse me, but they were beautiful. They made their purchases while laughing at the absurd revenue-laws, which prevented them from enjoying so many triumphs. They never considered the risk of the poor mariners; they never thought of the penalty attached to the offence if discovered—a penalty which their fathers and brothers, cousins and relations enforced, but considered it an excellent jest to bedeck their persons in contraband, and laugh at the wise law-makers. Well, these ladies purchased largely on this occasion, one, the hon. Miss C. desired a beautiful Indian shawl. It was the finest in texture, and of the most delicate workmanship I ever beheld: its colour was magnificent; it dazzled the eye of the beholder like sparkling gems. For this production of a loom of the tropical sun, I demanded what the lady considered a large sum. I refused to take less, and she pouted, and I departed. On my arrival home, there lay on my table a letter from the rectory of Saltgood. In this note I was desired to send or bring some of the finest and best articles in my possession. But I tire you."

"Oh, go on, go on, I am deeply interested."

"I waited on the parson's wife, who introduced me into the dressing-room of the loveliest girl I ever had the happiness to look on. I cannot describe her, but you have never seen her compeer, excepting the youngest daughter of General Jackson, and

these two young creatures are much alike in form and features. Well, I displayed my wares. The beautiful girl was not particular, but the wife of the man of peace and goodwill to all creatures *was*. She would have the costliest and best articles—Amanda should astonish—she should be envied. Mrs. Castlecroft chose for Amanda, and amongst the articles purchased was this elegant shawl. The ball took place; and Amanda was the rage—the lioness; it was her first appearance; the assembly was brilliant; the gay and gallant of the three garrisons were there commingling with the beauties of Kent. The story goes, that Captain Cumberland had for some time paid some attentions to the Hon. Miss D., and the politeness and attention lavished on the young lady, on the eventful evening, justified the proud beauty in believing that she was beloved. But, Mr. Waldron, this is a terrible long tale."

"Proceed; I know every person to whom you allude; I desire to know the cause of the rupture that took place in that noble family."

"You are correct, the family of D. are indeed a noble race: they boast of ancient lineage, and justly; and there are very few of England's aristocracy that can exhibit so much personal beauty in their female branches, and such symmetrical proportions in their sons; and among such loveliness Miss D. stands preeminent for intellect and beauty. On this eventful evening she appeared radiant in graceful happiness. She was seated by her partner at the top of the elegant ball-room, and Captain Cumberland appeared to have no ears or eyes but for the being by his side. The gallant officer is a young man, as you know, graceful, finely proportioned, with black eyes and hair; blessed with a musical voice; and I am informed he is intellectual, generous, chivalric, and open hearted. These two graceful creatures, whom heaven appeared to have thrown together for mutual happiness, were so absorbed by each other's discourse, that they were only aroused by a confused sound commencing from the bottom of the room, and gradually approaching them. At length they involuntarily looked towards the cause of the buzzing crowd, and the eyes of Captain Cumberland rested on the person of Amanda Burton, who, accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. Castlecroft, slowly approached him. Amanda was presented to Miss D. by the rector's wife. She gazed on the peerless creature with wonder—so perfect, so angelic, did she appear. A slight blush suffused her regular features at the notice she appeared to attract, which added greatly to her charms. Her dress was marked by good taste, combined with elegance, and on her alabaster shoulders was thrown, with apparent care—

lessness, the beautiful Indian shawl sold her the day previous. Many admired the lady, but a great number could not remove their gaze from that brilliant specimen of foreign art. Miss D.'s complexion deepened to a bright scarlet as she gazed on the lovely maiden, which was not diminished when her eye rested on the unfortunate shawl. She, however, received Amanda with great courtesy; and, as a matter of course, introduced her to the gallant Captain, whose complexion changed as he bowed to the fair girl. Their eyes met. Amanda betrayed great emotion, which, by an internal effort, was subdued into a scornful smile, as she cried, 'Oh, Captain Cumberland, your most obedient. I did not presume on so great an honour as an introduction to the son of a nobleman, so renowned for his high sense of honour, delicacy, and feeling.' The young lady, without waiting for Cumberland's reply, took the arm of Mr. Castlecroft, who handed her to a seat. Those who heard this contemptuous speech from the beautiful stranger, whose countenance was rendered more attractive by the evident high-souled indignation with which she regarded the officer, were of course astonished, and all manner of surmises passed current amongst the beaux and belles. But, however, there goes one o'clock, and the captain has not yet made his signal for you. Ah, there resounds the gong! I will finish my 'Tale of a Shawl' some other time, for here comes Henry.'

And as she concluded, her brother appeared, and motioned Waldron to enter the passage. With a light heart and an elastic step, James obeyed the signal, and for a moment his fine person darkened the doorway, and the door closed sharply with a secret spring.

Jane smiled, and murmured, "Ah, James, you are doomed, I am certain, to disappointment. You are good, generous, and just; but you want mind to meet mind, to render vigorous that affection you fondly suppose is your own. Ah, Miss Cumlin, my own dear Margaret, can never wed thee. But I wish you happy."

The amiable girl then retired within the bar to enjoy the society of the female smugglers.

(To be continued.)

STRAY NOTES ON THE CHURCHES AND CHURCH-GOERS OF WOR- CESTERSHIRE.

BY A RAMBLER.

CLAINES.—It was on a bright alluring morning in the month of December that I resolved on making a pilgrimage to this

retired and favourite village, and with that intention, having donned my winter coat and thick-soled shoes, I sallied forth to enjoy the morning air. What a change had come o'er the face of the country since my last ramble, and how suggestive of saddened thought, mixed with religious hope, was the transition. But a few weeks had passed since nature was rejoicing in her beauty and her lap was teeming with abundance; now, the fields had lost their verdure, the air was no longer vocal except with the occasional twittering, chirping noise of a solitary sparrow or red-breast which hurried by with chilly haste, apparently in the vain hope of somewhere obtaining a warmer "berth," and the sun threw its horizontal beams upon trees and hedges which in their nakedness were hung with rain drops, glittering like jewellery upon a hag. So much for the seasons—

"Thus change they; and we change as well,
The heartfelt glow, the joyous swell
Of spirits ever gay,
Pass on, nor leave a trace behind,
Like summer's perfume on the wind,
Save one last, lonely ray.
Spring will return to earth."

On approaching the church from the fields, no one would suspect the existence of an ecclesiastical edifice, the site being so flanked and defended by trees. The building wears a piecemeal appearance, as though it had been formed by the junction of three or four old houses. The original portions of the building are somewhat ancient, bearing traces of both the Tudor and perpendicular styles, here and there disguised by the alterations and repairs of more modern architects, the bulk of these alterations (including a handsome new porch) having been effected some three or four years ago. The porch is decorated with small stained glass windows; and a poor's box is there fixed, which by its bright and clean appearance puts a negative upon the facetious satire I have somewhere heard—namely, that charity boxes are the safest sanctuary for the spider to take shelter in to avoid intrusion. The interior of the church consists of a nave, chancel, and side aisles, formed by two rows of pillars and arches. The east window is of modern stained glass, bearing the royal and episcopal arms; at the west end is a gallery with an organ of tolerably good tone and quality, and small galleries over the north and south aisles are among the latest improvements. The organ was presented by the late Sir H. Wakeman, but there is no available fund out of which to repair it or to pay the organist, who, therefore, together with a female singer (the only paid one), is remunerated by subscription. A new stone font stands at

he west end of the church; but there is a basin on a pedestal standing by the north-west pillar of the chancel. In this same pillar is an ancient piscina (or recess used by the officiating priests, wherein to wash their hands when engaged in the services); it is probably as ancient as 9 Henry V, when Helena and John Frogmore gave two parcels of land in Northwick for the maintenance in Claines church of a chantry to the Virgin. I observed no monumental remains worthy of note in the interior; near the north window of the chancel aisle once lay the stone figure of John Porter, who formerly occupied and gave the name to "Porter's Mills," in this parish; this effigy is now removed to the outside, and instead of being on its back is placed on its side, and besides this, is robbed of a leg and hands; the carving is good, especially of the cap. The inscription conveys a most equivocal compliment—"John Porter, which was a lawyer, 1577." Perhaps it may have been the fact of Mr. Porter being a lawyer that induced the authorities to turn his effigy out of the church, during the progress of certain repairs, and to make him do penance by lying on his side under the drippings of the roof; the gentleman however seemed to have been almost prophetic on this very point while writing the epitaph which was formerly placed over the figure, for the first line of the couplet selected was—

"*Omnia transibunt—nos ibimus, ibitis, ibunt.*"

For my own part I do not believe that Mr. Porter or any one else would have sustained much disadvantage by burial in the grave-yard, instead of the church interior. There is something pleasant in the idea that the little hillock which is one day to cover us shall be kissed by the sunbeam, and covered with flowers; that happy infancy shall pluck therefrom its daisies, and the wayfarer stop to bestow a kind thought upon him who sleeps below. I would say, in the words ascribed to Saint Swithin—

"Pile not the marble
Upop me when dead,
The wide vault of heaven
Alone be o'erspread;
Where the rain wet the turf
Be my narrow house made—
Where the passenger walks
Let my ashes be laid."

In the churchyard, near the principal north entrance, is a fine specimen of *antiqua reliquia*, in the parish stocks; it is presided over by a still greater piece of antiquity, namely, a very venerable but now decaying yew, apparently six or seven centuries old. The position of the stocks being about midway between the church and the alehouse which stands in the yard, is, I dare say, meant as an admonition to the rustics, and intended to "give them pause"

in passing from the one to the other, to beware lest they "put their foot in it." As however this machine appears to be never brought into requisition (the Sunday wakes being almost suppressed here), I would advise the authorities to bargain for the sale of it to the Worcester bench of magistrates, who now, for the lack of such an hold-fast on the *understandings* of the subject are constantly compelled to dismiss without punishment drunkards and disorderlies who may happen to possess no cash; the act (a very old one) prescribing only the stocks as the alternative in case of non-payment of fine. The grave-yard, which is intersected by paths like divergent rays from all points, contains but little that is remarkable: there is an old arched stone to one Nicholas Tindal, of the date of 1741; and there is likewise a stone over the remains of Richard Stephens, sometime blacksmith, of Lowesmoor Wharf, who either begged, borrowed, or stole the following epitaph:—

"His sledge and hammer he's declined,
His bellows too has lost its wind,
His fire's extinct, his forge decayed,
And in the dust his vice is laid;
His coal is spent, his iron's gone,
His nails are drove, his work is done."

As I remember to have read this piquant effusion in my youth, a long time ago, and as Richard Stephens did not give up the ghost till 1831, it is more than probable that in this, the last act of his life, he was guilty of literary piracy; a crime one can afford to forgive in a blacksmith;—may he be safe from the enraged shade of the poor author he defrauded! The churchyard seems to be very full of bodies. I suppose it has been the burial-place of this very large parish ever since 1408, at which time, after divers controversies at the court of Rome as to whether the dead should be buried here or at Worcester Cathedral, it was agreed on all sides that the parishioners should bury the dead here, on paying 6s. 8d. yearly, on the feast of the Trinity, to the prior of Worcester.

The stoves were crackling and burning brightly and the sunbeams were streaming through the windows, the seat-doors stood invitingly open, exhibiting comfortable green-baized and cushioned interiors, and all things wore a neat and clean appearance, as I entered and introduced myself to the female sexton; the lady politely essayed to put me in one of the three immense pews (or rather rooms) which I was told belonged to Sir O. Wakeman, the lord of the manor. Notwithstanding her assurance that there would be abundance of room, as no one scarcely ever came there, I preferred to select a more humble sitting, of about nine inches by twelve, than to flounder about, a conspicuous object, in one of as many feet. By and bye the "lord"

entered, and took his seat in the principal drawing-room, which, with the other two seats, forms nearly one-eighth of the whole ground accommodation of the church, and all this for a single man, a bachelor, and one who rarely brings with him a crowd of relatives or visitors to lounge upon these fifty feet of cushion. No wonder that a parish of 6,000 inhabitants were shockingly squeezed by this arrangement, and that a large number of them were consequently pushed up underneath the roof, and deposited in little galleries; I am not aware, but of course the expense of erecting these galleries ought to have fallen upon the "lord." In addition to all this display of occupancy, there is a large stove placed just in front of the communion rails, in such a position as to prevent the approach of but a very limited number of communicants to the table. Surely, if the religion of some men consists in pushing others "from their stools," it is tolerably clear that if the kingdom of heaven itself were to be purchased, the presence of the poor man would not be tolerated there. Alas, for the poor! alas, for the proud! I trust that the gentleman with whom I am now taking such liberties will think of these things, and if he despise my reproof, let him read the following; it is from the pen of a man (Douglas Jerrold), whom I love for his kind feeling to the poor, though he and I have but little else in common:—

"Look down the middle aisle. It is filled with common people—with God's commonest earth: farming men, labourers, artizans; the dredges of the world, who are nevertheless told by the good man in the pulpit that they have—every one—within them, an immortal angel. They are assured that all wealth is vanity; they are directed to look upon pride and arrogance as deadly sins; and with these lovely precepts touching their heartstrings, they look on each side and see the ladies and gentlemen—called by the clergyman their fellow-creatures, shut up in pews, set apart in closets: as, though in the presence of their Maker, and while denouncing themselves miserable sinners, they would vindicate their right of money, and buy of heaven itself the privilege of first consideration. Poverty and humbleness of station may sit upon the middle benches: but wealth and what is mouthed for respectability must have cribs apart for themselves—must be considered christian jewels to be kept in velvet boxes—lest they should catch the disease of lowliness by contact with the vulgar. Surely there are more masquerades than masquerades in halls and playhouses. For are there not Sabbath maskings, with naked faces for masks? How many a man has rolled himself to church, as though, like Elijah, he must go even to heaven in a carriage?"

The services were performed by the perpetual curate in a solemn and deliberate manner; the singing was tolerably well-managed, and the congregation were generally attentive; but I have to complain of several late comers, as likewise of the practice adopted by some young men here of standing up and leaning over the seats when the rest of the people are at prayers. A church is not properly a place for lounging or quizzing; and hence I suppose arose the large red curtains with which a certain respectable lady from an adjoining seminary has entirely encompassed and shut in her young pupils from the rude gaze of mankind. This Turkish custom, I fear, must be extended if young men will persist in entering our churches with unworthy motives. But, on the other hand, the ladies have somewhat to blame themselves for; they too often assume the properties of the magnet by their flaunting ribbons, their rich satins and velvets; and I feel assured that the beauty of the ladies of Claines requires no such allies to produce conquests. Of all the follies that can be fairly placed to the charge of the human race—and, heaven knows, they are as thick as gnats in a summer sunbeam—none can be laid to more people's doors than the pride and fancifulness of the judgment in adorning, to say nothing of covering, one's outer scaffolding, the body. But when these extravagancies and follies are introduced even into the temple, 'tis not strange that, by such wooing, man becomes fallen a second time, for, as an old satirist observes—

"When such a she priest comes her mass to say,
Twenty to one they all forget to pray."

Claines church, it seems, is a favourite spot—a sort of "St. George's, Hanover-square," with the ladies of this neighbourhood, by whom it is very frequently selected for the performance of a ceremony which the generality of the sex hope to have administered at least once in their lives on their own account. A maiden lady (who by the bye had traversed the earth's orbit about fifty times) once informed me that it was but natural for people to seek retired spots to hide their follies; but I feel confident that younger females see, in the seclusion of Claines, something far different from this—their bright eyes see and feel a poetic beauty, and withal a congeniality of position for those who, stepping forth from the crowded ranks of society, plight their mutual vows before the altar of the church, in the calmness and quietude of rural shades. There was a matter of ten or a dozen couples "asked in church" on the occasion of my visit, and I believe that during the ministry of a former curate (who benevolently put all kinds of facilities in the way of young sweethearts) the average was nearly double that of the

present time. No wonder then that with this amount of business on the hands of the ringers, and the constant excuses the fraternity will make for the exercise of their vocation, the ears of the villagers are dinned perpetually; and no wonder that one of the bells, wearied with so much babbling on marriages, like a vain coquette, is at last grown old, cracked, and unfit for service. Times are much altered here since the period (1288) when William Canning (who was five times mayor of Bristol) assumed holy orders at Northwick, in this parish, actually to avoid a marriage in which king Edward had wished him to become one of the principals.

After hearing an admirable, christian-like, charitable sermon, on the civil, social, and religious position of this country, as likened to the vineyard in which the master gathered wild grapes, and having watched the church-goers divide into groups, dispersing hither and thither across the fields and lanes, and the boys' and girls' schools, trimly and uniformly dressed, headed by their teachers, marching to their seat of learning, I also turned on my heel, and walked leisurely homeward.

The bulk of the great tithes of this parish formerly belonged to St. Wulstan's Hospital, but Henry VIII appropriated them to Christ Church, Oxford. The monastery of the White Ladies originally received the small tithes, and the priest of St. Swithin's, in this city, also received certain of them, as ghostly father of the nuns. The minister of St. Swithin's, I believe, still continues to receive this emolument, although, of course, his "ghostly fatherhood" has been for many years a sinecure. As a portion of the income of the sisterhood was formerly devoted to the repairs of the chancel of Claines Church, I cannot, therefore, help thinking that, as that institution is now suppressed, the proceeds of the "ghostly fatherhood" should be applied in the aforesaid repairs; or it may very usefully form an addition to the income of the perpetual curate of Claines, and would thus fulfil a far more legitimate purpose than that of enriching a clergyman who has nothing to do with the parish; for I understand that the whole stated income of the present curate of Claines is but 27*l.* derived from the lay impropriator, augmented by a graft from Queen Anne's bounty, which was laid out in the purchase of land, added to his surplus fees, &c., which perhaps raise the whole to 180*l.*—a small sum indeed for a perpetual curacy in so extensive a parish, where I believe that the benevolence of the clergyman results in the distribution of a large portion of his income for charitable purposes. Latimer, in speaking of the clergy, says—"They have great labours, and therefore they

ought to have good livings, that they may commodiously feed their flocks; for the preaching of the word of God unto the people is called meat. Scripture calleth it meat, not strawberries, that come but once a year, and tarry not long, but are soon gone; but it is meat and no dainties. The people must have meat that must be familiar and continuall, and daily given unto them to feed upon. Many make a strawberry of it, ministering it but once a year, but such do not the office of good prelates. For Christ saith: *Quis putas est servus prudens et fidelis, qui dat cibum in tempore*. Who think ye is a wise and faithful servant? he that giveth meat in due time so that he must at all times convenient search diligently."

The parish of Claines was originally a chapelry to St. Helen's, in this city; it was divided into several hamlets or tythings, including the ancient manor of Northwick, and the church was called the church of Northwick, though situated in the hamlet of Claines. In 1218 Claines became a separate parish. It appears that the late Sir H. Wakeman bought the advowson of this benefice of Christ Church College, pending a suit then in the exchequer, and the issue of which was so successful that the baronet is presumed to have made a "nice thing of it." I hope some day to be enabled to attack, if not diminish, this monstrous evil of lay patronage and lay money-dabbling in religious matters, which, like a cancer in the bosom of the church, will spread to her final destruction, if the lancet be not speedily and unsparingly applied.

There are said to be, near the church, existing traces of the foundation of an old parsonage-house, which house is said to have been standing within living memory, but the patron has not thought it worth his while to restore it, although the present curate, in consequence, lives in a house which, I should say, judging from its size, costs him an annual rental of some £70, or £80. So that, it would seem, the patron is determined to make the unfortunate curate literally fulfil the apostolic doctrine of "spending and being spent" among his parishioners; and how he would fare, were it not for the proceeds of another living, it would not be difficult to foresee.

I am happy to hear that the allotment system and provident clubs are in useful operation in this parish, under the care of Mr. Curtlet, Mr. Gutch, and Mr. Palmer, the perpetual curate, whose exertions in ameliorating the condition of the poor, and educating their children, are well backed and supported by two or three active and benevolent ladies. The plan of allotments in particular works well; the rentals being punctually paid. One of the regulations

enjoins on the tenants the necessity of attending some place of divine worship. There are upwards of thirty allotments. I have been informed, though I am reluctant to believe it, that the two principal landowners in the parish not only give no assistance to the benevolent scheme, but that—what makes the matter truly unintelligible—one of these gentlemen occasionally presides at the meetings of the committee; and urges, as an excuse, that he cannot let them any of his land without offending the farmers! A pretty specimen, forsooth, of independence and liberality combined!

Among the charitable donations left from time to time in this parish are the following:—Edward Thomas, gent., 1656, left, £50 to remain as stock for ever, to place out poor children as apprentices; and in connection with his gift, I should think it is a singular instance, unprecedented in any other part of the kingdom, that there is now in hand a large sum of this stock unapplied, for lack of candidates. I am informed, however, that this is not attributable to a want of publicity, as the matter has been advertised. In a large parish like Claines, one would think there were hundreds of poor children whose parents would be delighted with such an opportunity of benefiting them. I hope this will answer the purpose of an advertisement to such persons. For myself having accidentally heard of this state of things, I shall not fail to stop every poor person I may henceforth happen to meet in the street, and if they chance to have children answering the description required, post them off immediately to the churchwardens of Claines, to whom I wish much joy for their extra labours during the next three months. Among the remaining charities are—Mr. Charles Evans, £10; interest to be given to old bachelors and maids on St. John's day; and the rev. T. Cooke £21, interest to purchase gowns and coats for poor men and women, to be marked.

C.

T. M.

The reflecting mind revolts at this unfeeling attempt to level poverty with crime, by putting on a badge approximating to that (the only one that can be excused) of the

R. V.

on the county rogues and vagabonds. The offence to my feelings is still greater from the fact of the donor having made such unworthiness the means of perpetuating his initials to posterity;—and from a *clergyman*, too, whose sacred profession should have taught him to remember—

"Who builds a church to God and not to fame,
Will never mark the marble with his name."

The intention of the donor, however, is frustrated, inasmuch as the initials have long ceased to be attached to the garments. But I must here pause, and close my notice of the parish of Claines—a locality which has on the whole afforded me, in my brief rambling, far more of pain than pleasure. In my next paper I shall take the reader to the neighbourhood of royalty.—*Worcestershire Chronicle*.

THE FALL OF THE NAN SOUNG.

To paint contemporary manners, so effectively accomplished by Cervantes, Le Sage, Smollett, and Fielding, a familiar acquaintance with the characters described, and with their manners and customs, is of the utmost importance;—hence the faults and incongruities that are observable in Mr. Lyburner's historical Chinese romance. For a work of fiction, China is no doubt what the author conceived—an unhackneyed field; but he lost sight of the difficulties that would naturally beset him from an incomplete knowledge of manners and customs. The feelings and sentiments of the persons are, as might be imagined, rather those of Europe in masquerade than true Chinese; and there is a felt if not a visible incongruity, inasmuch as the scene is laid in a remote period, and the hard copies seem taken from the present day. Mr. Lyburner appears to have some power in working up an effective incident—though the best things in this way are not exactly accordant with present notions of English propriety; consisting of scenes with a courtesan, and in a Tartar's harem, where impending violence seems threatening one of the heroines, who has been forcibly carried off. The book also exhibits great pains in collecting the materials; but the author wants the fire necessary to sublimate his matter, and the imagination to endow it with wholeness and vitality. The hard style and barbarous forms on china are easily enough imitated, but the porcelain itself is another affair.

The downfall of the branch of the dynasty of Soung, which is the historical subject of the book, took place in the last half of the thirteenth century of our era; when the Tartar monarch, Kublai Khan, assisted by the corrupt and disorganised state of the Chinese empire, and the treachery, cowardice, and incapacity of the prime minister, Kyatsetao, was enabled to overthrow it. The first heroine, Luseynah, is a daughter of Lusenfu, a rival of Kyatsetao; the hero, Tkanghia, a military mandarin, whom the chief minister would corrupt to gain. The elements of difficulty, which the unscrupulous arts of Kyatsetao

create, are further increased by the abduction of Luseynah and her friend by the minister of Kublai, their presentation to the monarch himself, and their rescue by Tkanghia and a Mogul friend, who have reciprocally saved each other's lives and vowed an eternal friendship. We suppose that a double marriage will finally wind up all. Mr. Lymburner has sufficient confidence in his Chinese readings to suppose that they may possibly sustain six volumes; though the real points of the tale might in skilful hands have been presented in one volume, and the climax is clearly touched already.

As an example of Mr. Lymburner's vigorous style of description, we extract a scene from a night attack, when Leeyunnian, the courtesan, forsaken by the hero, has leagued with the Tartars to betray the city, and drawn the minister, Luseufu, into a tower under pretence of giving him information:

"'Treason!' shouted Luseufu, 'worthy inspector of the fourth hien, hither. Treason! treason! guards! assistance!' 'Treason! treason!' from tower to tower, round the walls, from bridge to bridge, from sentry to sentry, the ill-omened words sped. Innumerable gongs responded to the cry, and summoned the military from their quarters to their posts. Across the Sihü the echoes sped, and bid the fisherman forsake his net and line. The terror-stricken citizen leaped from his bed, and prostrated himself before his household divinity; and brighter burned the fire on the summit of the tower, as though the flames knew the object for which they had been kindled, and sought to leap to heaven before witnessing the acts of fiends in human garb. Luseufu, approaching the exterior parapet, gazed below. With deafening shouts, a mass of Tatar cavalry dashed to the brink of the ditch, that, deep and full of water, surrounded the town. The stone bridge that formerly spanned it in this quarter had been removed, and a wooden draw-bridge substituted in its place. This was raised at night, and its keys intrusted to a Chifu. But treason had obviated this difficulty. Some barges lay moored together, and offered a passage to the assailants; who, dismounting, hastened to the attack, whilst some of their comrades commenced casting fascines and bags of sand into the water, so as to form another and a broader passage; whilst others, in mere wanton fury, discharged their arrows at the battlements. A ladder was already fixed against the wall, already its lower rounds were crowded, when Luseufu grasped it and hurled it below. Down it fell, crushing and wounding some score of assailants; whilst from the crowd burst forth a simultaneous cry of surprise and passion, that drowned the agonising cry of the maimed wretches, who

were instantly trodden under foot. Supposing the ladder's fall to have been the effect of accident, another was immediately raised in its place; and was so instantaneously crowded, that the weight upon it was too great for, and defied the exertions of, the minister. 'Oh, Tyen!' he cried, as he passed his sleeve across his brow, and wiped the damp that his exertions as much as his agitation had gathered there; 'is there not left one single blast in the arsenal of the winds, such as hurled the presumptuous Mangu down from the walls of Hoocheyu? Ah! these,' he continued, as his eye fell upon one of the heaps of stones we have already said were gathered on the walls to meet similar emergencies with the present. Seizing a mass of rock, he bore it to the verge of the wall, poised it an instant over the ladder, crowded to its topmost round, and then hurled the missive down. If from a vessel beleaguered by the storm, the mariner were to cast a pebble amid the waters, it would no more subdue their menacing crests, than could that momentary check still the fury of the Tatar host. Another and another ladder was raised. Regardless of the missives that he past him, unconscious even that he was wounded, Luseufu still endeavoured to defend the wall. His exertions were vain. The foremost of the enemy had already gained the ramparts, and rushed upon the defenceless minister, designing to sacrifice him to the manes of his numerous comrades who lay below slaughtered by his single hand: but his hour was not come; succour was at hand. Though it has occupied us a considerable time to describe, yet from the moment of the attack but a few minutes had elapsed. Kaohe, the instant he had heard of the alarm, had hurried to the gateway; where, for some short time, he vainly sought the stairs to ascend the wall; for no sooner had the minister's attendant heard the notes of war, than he prudently fled. Having at last found the steps, the inspector, followed by his little troop, hastily sprang up them, and with loud cries of 'Ouangsoué, ten thousand years!' precipitated themselves upon the foe, who for a moment recoiled before their vigorous attack; but presently, thrust forward by those who crowded upon them from behind, and ashamed of yielding to such a handful of opponents, they rushed upon the gallant little band. Kaohe, with all his faults, was no coward. Perhaps courage was the only redeeming virtue he might have offered in extenuation of many a peccadillo. In his one person seemed to reside a little host. By his words and actions well he proved this was not the first occasion in which his right hand had distinguished itself. Now with a wave of his sabre he cut down a stalwart opponent,

or interposed his blade to defend some comrade, less injured to such rude encounters. Now he yelled forth the battle-cry, or some insult to his enemies, that neither they nor his friends comprehended, from its being uttered in the Fokien dialect. 'Minister,' he said to Luseufu, who had provided himself with a weapon, and at whose side he found himself during a momentary pause in the conflict, occasioned by the surprise, amounting almost to superstitious fear, with which the Tatars had beheld the effects of one of his blows, that separated the head from one and the arm from another of their comrades—'Minister, had I now with me the ship's crew with which I traversed the Eastern Ocean, this fight would have a different conclusion. But every drop of our blood must be diluted by a gallon from the veins of these fish-skin-defended devils.' One half of the party were down, and several of the survivors were so desperately wounded as scarcely to be able to raise their weapons. Despair had fastened on the hearts of all but the master spirit of the fight, when, above the uproar, rose the loud clear cry of 'Ouang-soue,' proceeding from a party of soldiery, hastily collected from the neighbouring towers, and who, animated by their officers, advanced along the ramparts, waving their sabres and with their spears in rest. With a desperate effort, Luseufu, Kaohe, and all that remained of his band, fought their way through the crowd that separated them from their friends; who, fortunately, recognised their accoutrements in time not to stain their weapons with their blood. The part he had had in the fight had but excited the ardour of Kaohe; who placed himself in the foremost of the ranks that bore down upon the Tatars. The contest for some time continued breast to breast, sabre to sabre; but reinforcements momentarily arriving to the assistance of the Chinese, these last succeeded in driving from off their walls the last of the enemy who had planted their feet upon them, excepting a few for whose retreat the door of the gate-tower had been opened, and who endeavoured to defend themselves with what missiles came to hand. Their resistance was not for long. The lower story, into which the Chinese forced their way, was filled with faggots that were speedily ignited. With yells and screams the wretched Tatars prayed for mercy, and then sank suffocated in the smoke, or sought a less miserable death by leaping from the tower, amid the jeers of the conquering spectators: but one falling object caused the latter a momentary surprise, for it seemed habited in female vestments; and on the following morning, when the bodies of the dead were removed from the fosse, among them was the corpse of a woman."

A DAY'S EXCURSION IN NEW-FOUNDLAND.

It would not be easy to give a correct idea of a Newfoundland fishing village. Village! the word calls up visions of quiet hamlets embosomed in trees. We see cottages, each with its little garden, from which floats upwards a scent of wall-flowers and stocks. The women are working at their open doors; the children are rolling on the green, or sailing their boats in the willow-shaded pond, or swinging in the old elm near the church. The church itself is half hidden by two or three dark yew-trees, that throw deep shadows over the daisied graves about them; and there is a winding walk that leads to the very gate of the pretty parsonage. The old manor-house is near, with its noisy rookery and its rich woods, from whose shades flows forth all day a stream of merry song; and far away are yet statelier mansions and broader parks.

Far other is the scene presented by a so-called village on the coast of Newfoundland. A few low wooden huts perched here and there among the rocks, with a rude path of communication between them; a small, plain church, also of wood; and a building, generally of more pretension, surmounted by a small cross, the Roman Catholic chapel—such are its component parts. No flowers; no gardens, save here and there a patch of potatoes; no parsonage, for a clergyman comes from a distance to perform divine service on a Sunday.

Tier above tier along the coast, supported by fir-poles fixed in the rock, are stages on which the salted fish is spread to dry. The scent arising from these is an antidote to all romance. The "breath of the sweet south," blowing fresh from the waters, passes over the "cod-flakes," and becomes tainted with the sickening odour. Even at a considerable distance from the shore the same annoyance is felt, poisoning the pure air of heaven. There are other horrors of a similar description connected with the fisheries, but I pass them by with a shudder.

The bare-footed children, lying among the stones, raise their unwashed faces to watch the stranger with looks of stupid wonder. The women, if it be summer, sit basking in the sun; few, alas! great as the need may be, with needle in hand.

Their talk is of seals and cod-fish, of hauling and jigging; and their jargon generally betrays an Irish origin. All this is little cheerful, but there is a sadness induced by the silence of nature in the scenery of Newfoundland, that none that have not felt it can understand. You may pause again and again as you wander among the stunted woods, and strain your ear to hear the voice of a bird,

the hum of an insect, in vain. All is lonely and desolate, yourself the only living, breathing creature far as the sight can reach. The continuous murmur of life and joy that fills the summer air of our own country is unknown there. The wind cannot "shake music from the boughs" of the stunted fir-trees. Here and there a stream bounding along its rocky bed, or a stray ouzel, with its poor chirping, may strive to break the melancholy spell; but the general aspect of nature is mournful, and where beauty exists it is as the beauty of a statue—cold, and voiceless, and dead.

It was on a warm and sunny day in July that I first visited a fishing village, about nine miles from what was then my home in Newfoundland. The road (almost the only one the island could then boast), after skirting the shores of a fine lake, entered a picturesque valley, the hills on either side rising in rich and varied undulations, clothed with the dark-green foliage of the low fir-trees, varied occasionally by the white blossoms of wild pear and cherry, or the young leaves of birch and balsam-poplar. Here and there a huge mass of rock showed itself above the trees; in one place stone was heaped on stone as if by the hand of man, and in the crevices, shrubs and mosses and wild flowers had found root, and were hanging like garlands round a gigantic tomb. As we neared the place of our destination the valley widened, the one range of hills stretching on to the right; the other trending away to the left along the coast of the bay, which lay calm and beautiful before us. An island, above whose rocky and precipitous coast were green slopes, to which a thin haze lent unwonted beauty, stretched across the quiet waters; and far away were the blue hills of the opposite horn of the bay. By the road-side, a small stream from one of the hills danced along its way, broken by many falls, and tumbling headlong at last over a tall rock into the sea. There were fishing-boats mooring in the bay, and the little packet-boat was waiting, with loosened sails, for a passenger, I suppose.

We spent some time in exploring on foot some of the ragged paths made by the water courses of spring on the hill-sides, finding here and there patches of grass, and sometimes even of clover, and catching as we rose higher, glimpses of scenery that awakened our admiration. At length we made our way to the unsightly village, and visited the school. It was with a strange feeling that I heard the familiar words of holy writ stammered forth by the ragged children in that wild place. We obtained a holiday for the poor little creatures, and moved on towards the church. It was a low wooden building, with a disproportionately small tower at

the end. The burying-ground about it was on the slope of a hill, so rocky and bare, that when a corpse was to be interred, the mould to cover it was necessarily brought from a distance. Scanty, coarse grass grew about the little mounds that were scattered here and there, with rude unengraved stones at their head. Two graves were distinguished from the rest by a covering of stone, surrounded by a light wooden railing. One of them, I knew, contained the ashes of a little child, whose parents had chosen to bury her in that sad place; the other was the resting-place of one to whom a sorrowful history belonged. I had felt a strange interest in her who lay sleeping there, and now all I had heard of her trials came vividly back to my mind.

She was a member of a respectable family in the west of England, and had married with the consent of her relations. Soon after her marriage her husband proposed to visit America, where he was supposed to possess considerable property. Full of hope she accompanied him, leaving her home and all the long-tried love that blessed her there, to follow him with all a woman's fearless trust. He gave some plausible reason for calling at Newfoundland on his way to the continent of America, and she arrived there weary and ill after a tedious voyage. Professing anxiety about her health, and assuring her it was absolutely necessary for the good of his estates that he should proceed on his way immediately, he left her in lodgings and sailed for America. A few days afterwards messengers from England landed at St. John's in search of the fugitive husband, who was no more than a common swindler.

Although deserted, a stranger in a strange land, yet the poor young wife was not long friendless. Some benevolent persons offered her an asylum, and with them she found a home for some months. There was something inexpressibly touching in the gentle, uncomplaining patience with which, as I have been told, she bore the grief that had made life dark for her. She never mentioned him who had so heartlessly deceived and deserted her. Surely she had loved him well to leave country and kindred to follow him, and surely the grief that had the sharpest sting was the knowledge of his unworthiness! Her trust was broken for ever; and as none could know the depth and sacredness of the love she had once felt, so none could have part in the bitterness of her disappointment and sorrow.

But, though her lips were silent, her pale cheek and failing frame bore witness to the trouble that was slowly consuming her life. No word ever came from him,

whom, perhaps, even yet she regretted. She did not say she expected to hear, and yet surely her woman's heart must have clung to some faint hope that, after all, he might not be as they said, and that he would come or send, not leave her utterly desolate to die among strangers! But time passed on and brought no change, save that she grew weaker; and when, at last, the long winter was over, and the streams burst gaily from their icy bonds, the sorrowful stranger passed from the earth for ever.

The remembrance of all this crossed my mind as I stood beside the grave, and tried to tear away the coarse grass that had forced its way between the railings, half hiding the stone slab. She who had been the darling of a happy home, who had been for a while a happy wife—she whose heart sorrow had broken, yet not embittered—she, the grateful, patient, sorrowful woman, lay there at my feet! Of all to whom she had been most dear, not one had soothed her hours of sorrow, not one had held her dying head, not one had looked upon her grave; and I, a very stranger, stood there alone, with tears in my eyes and sympathy in my heart, for grief that had passed by for ever.

In the meantime my companions had all left me, and suddenly waking from my meditations I hurried after them to a small cottage, which we entered. There was but one person there, a very aged man, leaning over the expiring embers of a wood-fire. The wide chimney was the only passage through which the light entered, but it was a matter of little consequence to him, for he had long been totally blind. He was ninety-six years old, and had left his native place in Devonshire at the age of five-and-twenty, to seek his fortune in Newfoundland, and had lived for seventy long years in the village in which we found him—not in the same house, for he must, I should think, have outlived many such frail habitations. The schoolmaster who had accompanied us, lifted the old man's red cap, and his long snowy hair fell over his shoulders. One of our party was a little child, fair and gay, the petted darling of us all; and there was something very affecting in the contrast between the glow and beauty of her young life and the helplessness and poverty of that man's old age. "He had children," he said, "but he knew little of them now; he was very old; he did not often hear anything of them." Poor old man! My heart ached for him, and the merry child grew silent and grave, and crept closer to her mother.

But a slow step drew near, and an old woman entered the cottage, laden with sticks. She took little notice of us, but made her way to the chimney-corner, and, laying her hand on the old man's knee, bent

over the fire and heaped on the sticks till there was a cheerful blaze. The schoolmaster told us she was the old man's wife, younger than himself by twenty years.

We turned away, and the door closed upon the poor old couple. The sunshine could not enter their windowless dwelling; poverty and age were their daily companions; and yet there was something beautiful and soothing in the remembrance of that weak woman still fulfilling her labour of love! All was not dark in that hovel, for kindness and affection had lived on through time and change; and I thanked heaven that such things could be.

I remember little else of our excursion. There was a scrambling walk among the rocks, not the less agreeable for being almost dangerous. Then we made a hasty sketch of one of the little coves with which the shores of the bay abound, and then we all returned to the miserable inn, and made ready for our homeward drive, lingering yet again to gaze on the sparkling waters—the only life-like thing in the landscape.

About a year later my father again visited the old man I have mentioned. The long winter had tried him severely, and the hand of death was upon him. His mind, too, shared the general decay, and he wandered in his speech. In a few weeks the old fisherman was carried to his grave. The life of nearly a century was over, leaving no trace, save, perhaps, something of regret, in the heart of the old wife, who must soon have followed him to the land of forgetfulness.—*Fraser's Magazine.*

Reviews.

The Pleasures of Poetry. By Henry W. Haynes. [Yates, London.]

Poetry, or rather rhyme, is, in too many cases, the first method by which the youthful mind unburdens itself. Unlike the mountain in labour, after evocations, exhortations, and contortions, a great deal of matter is produced, however little there may be of genuine sentiment, poetical rhythm, or imaginative powers. We are happy, however, to say, that the little work now before us is not of this class. That the author is young in his profession, there is not a doubt; and that he bids fair to rank among those who have a high claim to poetical genius, there can be no misunderstanding. His next work, perhaps, will be better conceived, and will be less chargeable for an evident searching after far-fetched words.

Fables for Young Folks. By C. T. Harding. [Grant and Griffith, London.]

For a birth-day offering, or a new year's

gift to the young, this pretty little volume will prove highly acceptable. The fables, each with a moral at the end, are prettily written, and are well calculated to interest the youthful mind. Flowers and birds are the subjects, and prettily they are illustrated. Kenny Meadows has had a finger in it, and, as usual, has evinced his artistic powers in the designs. As a specimen of the composition, we extract:

THE COWSLIP AND DAISY.

A cowslip raised its golden head,
And to a simple daisy said,—
“Why, foolish flower, tell, tell me why
To common earth you grow so nigh?
Your spirit show; begin to soar,
And bend to humble dust no more.”
“Proud thing!” the daisy then replied,
“Your folly, sure, must be decied;
For none e’en of the mortal race,
Whate’er their pride of purse or face,
But still return again to dust:
And we, vain boaster—yes, we must
To deadly fate be made a prey,
And fall to earth as well as they!
Besides, you silly wittless elf,
’Tis earth supports your very self.
Then why, ingrate, should you contend
Against your best, your dearest friend?
But for that earth you ‘common’ call,
You’d droop and die, your leaves would fall;
The blasting winds would nip your head;
The scorching sun would strike you dead
And but for our common parent earth,
You ne’er had flourished into birth!”
“Then give your praise, where most ’tis due,
Nor leave old friends to look for new.

The Gatherer.

The late Colonel Gurwood.—A friend called on this unfortunate gentleman almost immediately before his death, and found him much deranged. He was told by the colonel that he had just burnt many volumes of correspondence of a miscellaneous character, which he had long carefully preserved. “You must be mad,” said his visitor, “for a bookseller would have given you £5,000 for what you have reduced to ashes.” “I,” said he, “shall never want it.” “Do you then mean to commit suicide?” inquired his friend. “No,” replied the colonel. He added, such an act was far from his thoughts, as he deemed it criminal in the eye of God. They parted thus, and the fatal deed was soon after committed.

Remarkable Wills.—It is not generally known that the last wills of Shakespeare, Milton, and Buonaparte, are tied up in one sheet of foolscap, and may be seen together at Doctor’s Commons. In the will of the bard of Avon is an interlineation in his own hand-writing. “I give unto my wife my brown best bed with the furniture.”

Second sight believed in by Lord Erskine.—The late Lord Erskine used to tell the following story. When I was a very

young man, I had been for some time absent from Scotland. On the morning of my arrival in Edinburgh, as I was descending the steps of a close, on coming out from a bookseller’s shop, I met our old family butler. He looked greatly changed, pale, wan, and shadowy, as a ghost. “Eh! old boy,” I said, “what brings you here?” He replied, “To meet your honour, and solicit your interference with my lord, to recover a sum due to me, which the steward, at our last settlement, did not pay.” Struck by his looks and manner, I bade him follow me to the bookseller’s, into whose shop I stepped back; but when I turned round to speak to him, he had vanished. I remembered that his wife carried on some little trade in the old town. I remembered even the house and the flat she occupied, which I had often visited in my childhood. Having made it out, I found the old woman in widow’s mourning. Her husband had been dead for some months; and had told her on his death-bed, that my father’s steward had wronged him of some money, but that when Master Tom returned, he would see her righted. This I promised to do, and shortly after fulfilled my promise. The impression was indelible; and I am extremely cautious how I deny the possibility of such supernatural visitings as those which your grace has just instanced in your own family.”

Death of a Literary Veteran.—The Rev. H. J. Todd, editor of *Milton’s Works* and of *Johnson’s Dictionary*, died on the 24th of December last, in his eighty-third year. He began his career in literature in 1793; in 1812 he published the *History of the College of Bonhommes*, at Ashbridge, in Buckinghamshire; in 1818, a new edition, in 5 vols. quart., of *Johnson’s Dictionary*; His last work was a *Life of Cranmer*.

Hindoo Notions.—There are said to be 35,000,000 hairs in the human body; and it is declared by Hindoo sages that the woman who ascends the pile with her husband will remain so many years in heaven—as the snake catcher draws the serpent from its hole, so she, rescuing her husband (from hell) rejoiceth with him—the woman who expires on the funeral pile with her husband purifies the family of her mother, her father, and her husband; if the husband be a Bramhunicide, an ungrateful person, or the murderer of his friend, the wife, by burning with him, purifies away his sins.

The Ocean.—What sepulchre so sublime as the mighty ocean, with its unimagined wonders and sunless treasures, its ever-rolling billows above and its boundless floors below, tessellated with spars and shells, crystal and sea-weed!—*Horace Smith.*

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